Liverpool
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A

TRIP

TO

LEVERPOOLE,

By Two of

FATE's CHILDREN,

In Search of

FORTUNATUS's PURSE.

A SAYTRE.

Addreſs'd to the Honourable the Commiſſioners of Her Majeſties Cuſtoms.

'Tis true we've Money, th' only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before;
Money that, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the laſt Reaſon of all things. Hudibraſs.

By a Gentleman of Lincoln's-Inn.

LONDON:

Printed for *Richard Croskill* Bookſeller in *Lincoln's-Inn.* 1706.

A TRIP TO LIVERPOOL,

By Two of

PAT's CHILDREN,

In Search of

FORTUNATUS's PURSE.

A SATIRE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Address'd to the Honourable the Committee-
ners of Her Majesties Customs.

'Tis true cur'se Money, th' only Procr
That all Mankind falls down before;
Money that, like the Sword of Kings,
Is the sole Ruler of all things. Hudibras.

By a Gentleman of Lincoln's-Inn.

LONDON:

Printed for Richard Gosling Bookseller in Fleet-
street, 1706.

A TRIP TO *LEVERPOOLE.*

A By-blow ſtruck from Nature's Center;
My Life has ſince been all Adventure;
Which here would be an Innovation,
A Work of Supererogation;
Farther than't has Affinity
Between my queer Comrade and me,
Known by his *Iriſh Brogue* and *Air*;
Chance made us Friends, no matter where:
Couſins we were no doubt at ſight;
Nor could I modeſtly deny't,
Not knowing who my Father was,
Teague the Relation well might paſs.
By Circumſtance we might be Brothers;
One Father might ſupply two Mothers:
As we are rovingly inclin'd,
Our Dad might be of the ſame Mind,
And Game in diſtant Countries find.

It not being material to the Purſuit of the Purſe to trouble you with the Place where they met, or how they came Friends.

Reſolving now to ſhare one Fate,
He thus does Cordially dilate
Upon his worſt and beſt Eſtate.

Got by no matter who, or how,
My Introduction was a Cow,
My *Iriſh* Nurſe's Indication
T' intail a ſqualling Chance Relation.
A Gentleman I am, no doubt,
Becauſe ſo carefully put out
To Pig in Straw, with Foſter-Father,
And choice of Cattle, all together.
A Cabineir, 'tis well 'ts no worſe,
O're which a Man may leap a Horſe,
With Turf Gillore, a Smoaky Houſe,
Which Cuſtom values not a Louſe.
When wean'd from Udder, call'd a Breaſt,
Good *Bonny Claber* was a Feaſt,
And kind *Potatoes* did the reſt.
But as I was a Child to Fate,
I muſt be born to an Eſtate.
Produc'd by a Laſcivious Shove,
Where e're I pitcht my Tent I throve:
For like the *Jew*, who Chriſt denies,
I the whole World Monopolize.
From Colledge Scull, to Supercargo,
Without the leaſt unkind Imbargo,
I what you ſee me am become,
There's little to be got at Home.

The Manner of lying in poor Cabins with Cow, Horſe, Sow, Pigs, all together.

Gillore in Iriſh is enough.

Scull, a Name for a Boy that runs of Errands in the Colledge of Dublin.

Now

Now 'twas as cheap for me to ſay,
I came from *Iriſh* Kings agra,
As from an Engliſh Runaway:
And I have Vanity enough
When I'm inclin'd to carry't Bluff.

Our Buſineſs being much the ſame,
At length to *Leverpoole* we came,
Which well deſerves the Voice of Fame;
Where *Fortunatus* left his Purſe,
As we had heard ſome Men diſcourſe;
And any Man alive wou'd gueſs,
By the Town's ſudden Riſe, no leſs;
From a ſmall Fiſhery of late,
Become the Darling Child of Fate;
So Wealthy grown, ſo full of Hurry,
That She eclipſes *Briſtol*'s Glory:
Her Trade, as well as Sumptuous Houſes,
Where the Chief Publican Carouſes,
The Port's infallible Director,
In modern Engliſh call'd Collector,
Does manifeſtly Teſtify
Her Mightineſs a Myſtery;
A Riddle wants an Expoſition,
Without the Purſe's kind Permiſſion;
A Treaſure inexhauſtible,
Conſtantly drain'd, yet always full:
A Hocus Pocus way of Thriving,
A ſudden Taſt of Splendid Living,
Which by the Merchants does appear,
By Chance, or Choice eſtabliſht here.

Yet none can compaſs this Foundation,
Without Addreſs and Application:
That Man who wou'd improve his Store
Muſt launce out ſome to get in more:
If ſparing of his Back or Pelfe,
The Caitif may go hang himſelf.
Int'reſt upon a Luſhious Scent
Requires no Force of Argument:
Nor is't a Sin to cheat the Queen,
Provided one can do it clean.
From Profit can accrue no Curſe,
If bleſt with *Fortunatus* Purſe.
If to poſſeſs it be my Lot,
What need I value how 'tis got?
The verieſt Fool belongs to th' Port
May gueſs where he's to make his Court:
So Properly no Sinner can,
That does his Int'reſt rightly Scan,
As to the Happy Publican.

Firſt then, as you may judge in Courſe,
We paid our Homage to the *Purſe*,
Or Bearer of it, 'tis all one;
And when that decently was done,
The Traffick to Monopolize,
We on the Females caſt our Eyes;
Where we ſoon found our ſelves ſecure
From all Miſhaps that Love could cure;

That

That by the Poſture of their Rally,
They did not care for Shilly Shall I.
We Ways and Methods ſoon found out
T' oblige the Ladies Turn-about;
Yet with Submiſſion to the Slight
That Women have to compaſs it.
Thus I, and forward *Teague*, my Brother,
Supply'd two Daughters, and the Mother:
Nothing eſcap'd us we came at,
But old Pilgarlick and the Cat;
And 'twas not long ere Brother Starling
Among 'em got a Wife by the Bargain.

The Metamorphos'd *Iriſh*-man
To make a Figure now began.
To garniſh his Impertinence,
His Horns are tipt with Eminence;
A Houſe contains this riſing Sun,
One of the very beſt in Town
Who ne're before had one of's own;
Traffick in two Capacities
He oſtentatiouſly ſupplies.
The Publican a Trade to Force
Makes Faith and Troth a ſtalking Horſe;
Turns Merchant, Brewer, 'gainſt his Oath,
To make *Teague* Factor to 'em both,
Putting this Blind upon the Matter,
To circumvent the Queen the better.

A Publican, as I've been told,
Good *Fortunatus* was of Old,
Who the Crown Intereſt bought and ſold;
Whoſe Purſe by a long Chain of Time
Came by Inheritance to him.
If every Port had ſuch a one,
The Queen's Occaſions wou'd need none;
Magnetick, and Diffuſive Power,
The whole Revenue would devour:
Between the Publican and Sinner,
Her Majeſty might want a Dinner,
Did not the Candid Board take Care
To put a Stop to the Carreer.

Now I ſhall leave my own dear Joy
In wonderful Proſperity,
Having Poſſeſſion of the *Purſe*,
Tho' 'tis attended with a Curſe;
Who, commenc'd Cuckold, when he marry'd,
As t'other Siſter's Spouſe miſcarry'd;
To whom I am content to be
An Humble Stallion, yet live free,
And Boaſt a Title good as he;
Head Bayliff, topt upon the Town,
To chuſe him May'r, wou'd not go down:
To Strut behind the Sword and Mace,
With Brogiſh Confidence and Grace,
That *Leverpoole* cou'd not afford,
Becauſe no *Iriſh*-man's the Word.

But let him of his Wife take Care,
Whilſt I purſue my own Affair,
Reſolving in the Purſe to ſhare.
When Buſineſs call'd me firſt to Change,
I cou'd not chuſe but think it Strange
To ſee ſo many rough hewn Faces,
The Saylor's Hitch in all their Paces:
Each Merchant like Tarpaulin moves,
As if he had no Uſe of Gloves:
Hands hugging Hoſe, with Head in Neck,
Like Sea-man traverſing the Deck.
Belike they moſt of 'em were ſo,
From Cabin-Boys, tho' Merchants now.
Dame *Leverpoole*'s a kindly Nurſe,
Thanks to the Man who bears the Purſe.

No Town in England *has ſo many Merchants in it who roſe from Saylors as* Leverpoole, *and Men of great Dealing.*

Fixt in convenient Habitation,
I deal like others in my Station:
Reſolving with the Herd to Snack,
My Ware-houſes a Figure make.
The Pillars of my Settlement
Do oft by Turns my Houſe frequent;
I mean the Mother, and the Daughter
That *Teague* had left me to look after,
Still ſtarting like a Bird of Night,
Or as ſome kind familiar Spright,
Whoſe Buſineſs covets not the Light

One Night Miſs willing to be Tipſy,
For ſhe'll be Bouſy as a Gipſy,

And

And to Solace her Self each way,
Does an important Viſit Pay
To Love and Wine, and who ſo Gay?
Being well Trayn'd by Parent Doxy,
She acts her Abſent Dam by Proxy.

Now in our Airs we have a fling,
Like good Wives at a Goſſiping,
At this, and that, and t'other thing:
When in her height of Raillery
She ſpares not her own Family;
Her Tongue to a due Ballance wound,
She thus begins to toaſt 'em round.

I thought my Siſter, fooliſh Trull,
Wou'd ne're have Marry'd Rattle Scull.
Weak as we are, we are more Weak,
To make a Vow we're ſure to break:
After the Dam the Fillies take.

'Tis ſaid, or Fame lies, that She and her Siſter were Born and got in the Publican's three Years Abſence; and ſo her own two Girles.

Tho' I my Mother know ſo well,
My Father I no more can tell,
Than my own Brats, their True one know:
It always was, and will be ſo.
Marriage is but a formal Jeſt,
A Cloak, a cover Shove at beſt:
She knows how I ſhook off my Clog,
'Twas worſe to me than Chain to Pug;
I ne'er believ'd the Silly Beaſt
Wou'd e're be Hobl'd by a Prieſt.

Something

Something I got by my bad Bargain,
Pray what did ſhe? An *Iriſh* Farthing.
But for the Purſe, which Fleecing bears,
My Dam had long ſince ſhook off Hers;
And wou'd to Morrow, if bereft,
O' th' Gift that *Fortunatus* left:
She'd pack up all ſhe cou'd come at,
Leaving the Publican to Fate,
If not prevented by Surprize;
For thoſe above us have quick Eyes,
And Power will Monopolize.

Taking Occaſion to Reply,
I ſtarted an Enquiry.
How does he deal it in his Station,
To ſhun the Laſh of Information;
Who ought to make it his Endeavour
Since he's ſo good a Cuſtom Shaver?

Quoth She, Let him alone for that,
He's Old enough to know what's what;
For tho' he's greedy after Pelf
To ſerve the Port, but more himſelf;
He well knows how t'avoid the Shelf:
Who Cloſets his Inferior Tools
To batter Gain into their Sculls.

To each apart, or this Effect,
By my Shoul man your due Reſpect

The Oath of Secreſie tender'd by the Publican, privately to as many of all Sorts belonging to the Port, as he could get to take it.

I doubt not to your Chieftain here,
Which Poſt I for your Service Bear.
Pawning his Soul at every Turn,
Upon the leaſt, or no Concern.
I know you'll to my Will ſubmit,
And give me leave to teach you Wit;
Profit's a Stable Argument,
Where nothing's wanting but Conſent;
An eaſie Purchaſe without Pain,
A current Step to darling Gain.
If Head and Members Diſagree,
There's like to be no Harmony.
From Concord ſmooth Advantage flows,
But Diſcord ſtill on Crutches goes.
And here he ſtopt, as I conceive,
The Officer, fit time to give
Conſidering-Cap to ſettle on,
Which, to his Liking, ſoon was done.
When he proceeded --- Not that I
Doubt in the leaſt your Secreſy;
For 'tis in you I moſt Confide;
(And ſo he ſaid to all he Try'd)
But Faith's ſo near ally'd to Troth,
That you may bind it with an Oath.

Carle ſnatcht the Book, and graſpt a Kiſs,
As he'd miſtook it for his Miſs.
The Purport of each Interview
No Explanation needs to you;
Which took ſome time, but now 'tis done,
We may conclude the Port's our own.

Now

Now are the Members ſummon'd all,
Who were like Spaniels at a Call:
When Publican in Chair of State
Sits there, I'll warrant you, as Great
As Heretofore did in the City,
The Chair-man of the Old Committy.

Surveyer Truſty Silence breaks,
And thus his Florid Mouth Piece ſpeaks:
What is it ſtops all bold Carreers,
But Mortifying Doubts and Fears?
For your Advantage, you are met,
Each thing its Likeneſs does beget:
True 'tis, as that you all well know,
That Money makes the Mare to go.
We ſhou'd Prepare and Quartery,
Each Man becoming his Degree,
To muſter a retaining Fee.
A Fellow-feeling muſt be had,
If e're we hope t' advance our Trade:
One who can ſerve us, muſt partake
The Perquiſits we hope to make:
This was no ſooner toſt about,
But 'twas in Agitation put.

A Policy to raiſe a Fund Quarterly to engage a Perſon who had Intereſt with the Board, to ſtand between them and Danger; tho' 'tis believ'd the Rats ſhar'd that as well as the Seiſures.

For once came down a brisk Alarm,
But in the Purſe lies ſuch a Charm,

Manly and Waker ſent down to inſpect the Port.

The Danger being ſoon blown off,
The Publican was ſafe enough.
Some Slaves had cackled in the Port,
Who juſtly ſince have Suffer'd for't.

Ogles, Merideth Jones turn'd out.

Yet one Surveyer fearing Shame,
Loving the Bribe, but not the Name,
The Daſtard, inconſiderate Elf,
Rather then ſtand it, drown'd himſelf;
When had he ſtaid th' Event to ſee,
It but eſtabliſht Bribery.

The ſudden Death of Colcat was ſo palpable a Proof of the Practice of the Port, that there needs no other Evidence.

As one Glaſs drives another down,
Her Tongue inceſſantly does run;
Each Paſſage brings an other on.

Now wou'd you know why our Controuler,
In's Office places Brother Jouler?
Ask him the Reaſon of his Doing,
He'll tell you he gets more by Brewing.
How e're he came the Stock to get,
His Patent ſcarce is paid for yet.
Thus Trades are juggled Dext'rouſly
Between the Publican and he,
Beyond the Reach of Spiteful Rally,
As long as both their Books keep Tally.

Of Seiſures now She does diſcry
The Nice Inviſibility.

The Wrong done to the Poor Tides-Men laid open, as well as thoſe beneath 'em, for doing the Queen Faithful Service.

Cuſtom-houſe Rats ſharp ſet, devour
All Solid Goods within the Store:
If Liquid Ones, the Cask did run,
Or the Hoops flew, which is all one.
By Tranſmutation in a Trice
True Lofty Nance Crab-Sider is.
All Moveables become a Game,
Or never twice appear the ſame.
By this and t'other Modern Locuſt,
The Seiſer's Property is Hocuſt.
But *Parker*'s Camblet was True Blue,
Therefore appear'd again in View,
The ſame *in Specie*, tho' not Shape,
On which the Sheeres had done a Rape.
You now may two o' th' Vermin ſee,
Trim'd up in *Parker*'s Livery.
What was in ſight he knew full well,
The reſt was crib'd in Taylor's Hell,
Whence no Redemption any more,
Than from the Rapparees in Power.

One of the Boat Men:

Coll----ter and Con----ler.

Bribery Illuſtrated.

My Dad will ſtoop to ſave a Pin,
And why not more when His Hand's in?
His Profitable Curteſy
Paid to each Supernum'rary,
The Pot, Spit, Table does ſupply.

His Conſcience for Convenience ſake,
Like Parſon's Barn turns nothing Back.
Malice may call this Bribery,
And yet I know no Reaſon why.
If on my Will your Bread's Attendant,
Are not Acknowledgment's Dependant?

A White Fac'd Cow Preſented, for which he has been call'd the White Fac'd Heifer ever ſince.

If a Land-Waiter once did Bilk
His Brats o' th' Cow that gave 'em Milk,
Grateful Returns do beſt Confute,
When he that makes 'em's moſt put to't.
If coſtly Superfluities
Support our Female Vanities,
We abſolutely here Parade
Without 'em nothing's to be had.

The Publican dares nothing do,
But what my Mother prompts him to:
For he's at Beck like Spaniel Dog,
She Wears the Breeches, he the Clog.
A moſt obſequious Cover-ſmut,
An Old, Inſipid, Sorry Put.

When the Mundungus Fleet came in,
'Twas we that did your Buſineſs then;
Your Cargo laid in the Queen's Yard,
'Twas by our Management you ſteer'd.

Old

Old Dad and his Fraternity
You Souſt one Night in Burgundy,
And every Senſe did Gratify:
For at a Friend's they'll drink their Fill,
And let it paſs for what you will.
But then of the ſame Dog a Hair,
Next Morning made their Wiſdoms ſtare.
In ſhort, you had a ſudden View,
The Queen was Paid Her Cuſtom too,
But then, What Damage did accrue?
The Merchant will the Better get,
Eſpecially a Favourite.
At other Times when Goods you run,
With what Facility 'tis done;
Putting the Change upon the Ship,
All Hands were Friends ---- Ay marry whip.

Non-Jurors taken from on Board, and Jurors put on.

Brim full of Wine, to Bed we move,
To finiſh the Repaſt with Love.

Some Years I bore it Swimmingly,
Making a Figure, who but I!
The Women ſtedfaſtly my own,
There lay the ſtrong Foundation Stone.
I was propt up in ſuch a State,
That I Defiance bid to Fate:
Which was a Pitch of Inſolence
That I have dearly paid for ſince.

An odd Conceit my Fancy Rocks,
And I muſt Marry with a Pox.
When Marry'd once, my Plague began,
I was the Shadow of a Man.
Miſs Soure look'd, her Mother Grum,
Publican Cold, the Worſt's to come:
That I my Self ſhou'd Abdicate,
Thus to incur the Womens Hate.
Teague was when Yoak'd, to th' Purſe-Strings ty'd;
I've loſt my Hopes, and got a Bride,
A Celebrated Beauty too;
None but a Witch with me wou'd do:
Or it had never been ſo Bad,
That made my Old Acquaintance Mad;
For they Degrees of Malice bear,
Envy Her moſt, who proves moſt Fair.
One while She Paints, She's Teas'd to Death,
And then She has a ſtinking Breath:
Sometimes they ſay with Envious Sneer,
She'll take a Stone up in her Ear.
What will not Baffled Woman do?
At laſt they moſt Outragious grow:
My Spouſe affront at her own Door;
Nay, to her Face they call her Whore.
And who, Alaſs! ſhou'd be the Man,
But the Diſabled Publican?
From a Tongue War, it came to Blows;
My Chicken got a Bloody Noſe.

A common Practice with the Old one whenever ſhe vents her Malice on a Woman: Jealouſie of her Spouſe is ſtill the Pretence.

One Plague crowds on another's Heels,
Which to prevent is paſt our Skills:
Bonds I had Paid Eſtreated were,
To Cancel 'em not taking Care.
Sham Actions, and the Deel and all
Upon me Daily like to fall:
Which to avoid, like Skilful Fencer,
I ſtand upon my own Defence Sir.

Now the Old Beldam Character
Does in each Circumſtance appear,
To Shake my Soul, not us'd to Fear.

None but a Fiend detacht from Hell,
Her Spite can to Advantage tell,
In which She does a Witch excell.
Some Furioſo of Degree,
Above the reſt in Quality;
Yet not a Greater one than She.
Nor do her Cubs Degenerate,
Both Imps of Hell, and Shafts of Fate:
Revenge and Luſt, their conſtant Gueſts,
By Turns indulge their Intereſts:
But none could ever yet Deſcant
Which of 'em was Predominant;
A Kin as nearly to each other
As is the Daughter to the Mother.

Not Empreſs *Meſſalina*'s Luſt,
Can Boaſt a more Impetuous Guſt;
Which, as the Grave, muſt be ſupply'd,
Tho' Pleas'd yet never Satisfy'd:
But if it meets a Deprivation,
Revenge, like Fatal Inundation,
Succeeds to Gratify that Paſſion.
Let the Offending Wretch look to't;
If Power or Treachery can do't,
Not all the Sexes Perfidy,
Their Sharp, Unfathom'd Subtlety,
Pride, Shifts, Deceit, Barbarity,
By Hell intail'd from the Beginning,
Whence the Original of Sinning,
Together cram'd into a Curſe,
Could Puniſh a Delinquent worſe.
The Old one does her Sex invade
With Jealouſie in Maſquerade,
Swears, Wrangles, Fights, like Drunken Quean,
For Publican's Old Chitterlin.
A Nuſance, Common Billinſgate,
After a Pudding without Fat:
The Quinteſcence is long ſince gone,
And therefore Jealouſy's a Fun.
Of Jealouſie She makes a Stale
To Screen the Sallies of her Tail,
As well as have a Plea to Rail.

But *Scruitor* Itinerant
The whole Seraglio well can Paint:
Between 'em ſhe knows how to deal;
A Salve for ev'ry Sore can tell:

A Friend to either in Diſtreſs
A Skillful Trot in Wickedneſs.;
Nay, when the Ladies Backs are up,
Fury on all Sides brims the Cup ;
For Griſtle as for Bone, two Curs,
She always Qualifies their Jars :
Her Houſe the common Rendezvous,
Or rather, if you pleaſe, the *Stews*.

I muſt expect from this Damn'd Crew
The worſt that offers to my View.
Of *Teague* they have a Creature made,
To Friendſhip he's turn'd Runagade.
And ſince to th' Purſe I've loſt my Claim,
In ſearch of which we hither came ;
Rather than live in *Lavender*,
If I had nothing elſe to Fear,
From Pole to Pole I'd change my Air.
A Priſon, tho' a woful Curſe,
Daggers or Poyſon may prove worſe :
A Sinner may live there and mend,
But what does ſudden Death attend ?
My Spouſe and I'll to *London* go,
The Board ſhall all the Juggle know :
Where *Teague* the Whore's-Son by the Bye,
May Looſe his Claim as well as I.
If Honeſty comes by her own,
It matters not which way 'tis done.

THE

THE PUBLICAN HIS DREAM.

A Dream attackt my Soul laſt Night,
More Frightful than the Cauſe of it:
The Fatal Well before my Eyes,
Where he Drouned himſelf. Whence *Colcut* did with Horror Riſe,
To warn me of impending Woe,
Or in plain Terms my Overthrow;
In one Hand holding forth a Book
The Oath of Secreſy. Like that on which the Oath we took,
Pointing to that, and then to me,
As who ſhou'd ſay I owe to thee
The Cauſe of all my Miſery.
Then from His hollow Trunk a Sound,
Which did my ſhivering Conſcience wound;
Prepare thou Miſcreant to be
A Shameful Mark of Infamy.
His Security for his Employment. Not *Hartley*, *Peters*, Crafty *Pool*
Can ſave thy Body, leſs thy Soul.

A Purgatory's here prepar'd,
And Hell hereafter's thy Reward:
Thy Wife's vampt off with all the Pelf,
In Limbo thou may'ſt hang thy ſelf.
Thou and thy Bail one Intereſt propt,
For which high Time 'tis they were Shopt:
The Crown the Sham has found tho' late,
As *Diego* Fun'd the Advocate.
Whoſe Will with Legacies abounding,
Prov'd but a Vapour in the Sounding.
It is but juſt ye Wicked ones,
That Dice be made of all your Bones.
At which I Woke, Allarm'd the Houſe,
The firſt I ſought for was my Spouſe:
Than Her I had as good had none,
Since ten Years paſt I've lain alone.
In this according to Deſire,
I found the Devil was a Lyar;
By Circumſtance the reſt prov'd true,
And ſo perhaps may t'other too.

Dego, *in a Play call'd the Spaniſh Frier, after the Advocate has ſet down all the Legacies in his Will, when he aſke him where all the Money was to be found, his Reply was, E'en where you pleaſe.*

FINIS.

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